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FESTIVAL OF DAYS.

COMPRISING

New Year, Washington's Birthday, Valentine's Day,
St. Patrick's Day, Washing Day, House-Cleaning
Day, April Fool's Day, Ash Wednesday, Good
Friday, Easter, May Day, Memorial Day,
July Fourth, Emancipation Day, Hal-
lowe'en, Thanksgiving Day,
Christmas.

By Ida M. Buxton,

—X—

Author of, How She Has Her Own Way; The Census
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Popped the Question; Tit for Tat; Our
Awful Aunt; Why They Joined the
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etc., etc.

—X—

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—X—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

FESTIVAL OF DAYS.

—O—

CHARACTERS.

READER.

NEW YEAR.....	<i>Chorus of girls in white.</i>
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.....	<i>George Washington.</i>
VALENTINE'S DAY.....	<i>Maiden and lover.</i>
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.....	<i>Chorus of boys.</i>
WASHING DAY.....	<i>Girls at tubs.</i>
HOUSE-CLEANING DAY.....	<i>Man and woman.</i>
APRIL FOOL'S DAY.....	<i>Old maid and little boy.</i>
ASH WEDNESDAY.....	<i>Monk.</i>
GOOD FRIDAY.....	<i>Women at cross.</i>
EASTER.....	<i>Chorus of girls in white.</i>
MAY DAY.....	<i>May queen, chorus of children.</i>
MEMORIAL DAY.....	<i>Two soldiers.</i>
JULY FOURTH.....	<i>Uncle Sam, boys.</i>
EMANCIPATION DAY.....	<i>Darkey.</i>
HALLOWE'EN.....	<i>Group of girls.</i>
THANKSGIVING DAY.....	<i>Man, little girl.</i>
CHRISTMAS.....	<i>Group of children.</i>

—O—

The tableaux are so arranged that one person may take several parts, so that the piece may be put on the stage by a very few persons.

—O—

TIME—One hour.

Festival of Days.

—x—

Reader. (stands before curtain; reads)
Once on a time, in mirthful joy and glee,
The days together came, with glad hearts free,
A festival they held, a joyous feast,
And each contributed, from first to least;
And all their story told, some sad, some gay,
How each one gave, in its peculiar way,
A touch or charm to nation, life or home,
Some feature which most clearly was its own.
And first the New Year came with gladsome feet,
With fresh young voices singing carols sweet;
The old had gone, the new came in with song,
And full of hope and joy, led all the throng.

*Curtain rises; a band of singers, clad in white, with harps
in their hands, sing some pretty New Year anthem, at
close of which curtain falls.*

Then came the day which to the new world gave
A loyal heart, a noble life and brave;
Our own dear Washington, loved through all time,
Pictured in story, famous in rhyme.
In praise and awe at Valley Forge, he knelt
Before the God of Battles, and he felt
The Everlasting Arms give strength and aid;
Nor could the hosts of wrong make him afraid.

*Tableau.—Washington kneeling in prayer; stage dimly
lighted; voices behind curtain sing a strain from
"America," curtain.*

A change! A day of merriment for youth;
A day of sentiment and love, forsooth;

Sly cupid diligently plies his art,
 Here and there, full many a winged dart
 Flies swift and fast, with mirth and ringing cheer,
 Hearts grow tender; St. Valentine is here.
 Ah, goodly saint, romance for old and young,
 He has; while verses sweet fall from his tongue,
 And tenderness the Festival pervades
 A welcome guest! A day which never fades.
 Bright missives, like white angels, bear the news,
 To lend a listening ear, who can refuse.

Curtain rises and reveals girl looking eagerly at the envelope in her hand; she tears it open quickly, and draws forth a valentine; her lover stands behind her, looking over her shoulder; during reading of last line, he touches her shoulder; she turns quickly, with happy face, gives him her hand.

The maiden quickly tears the leaf apart,
 With eager eye, with smile and beating heart,
 The words he fain would say, she knows full well.
 Ah, he is there! his own lips now may tell
 The old, old story, ever new and bright,
 Which giveth to the world a blissful light. (*curtain falls*
 But hark! another strain falls on the air,
 A music that will drive away dull care:
 An echo from a land where yet the people are not free;
 It's patron saint so dearly loved the isle,
 Would that kind fortune o'er her fields would smile.

Curtain rises; a chorus of boys wearing green ribbons, sing a verse of "Wearing of the Green." Curtain.

A time of need when bridget holds the sway,
 And rules our little world on washing day.
 The dimpled arms make suds and water splash,
 With foamy spray and sudden reckless dash;
 Oh, days of days, dinners are so scarce!
 Oh, bills so grievous when one's wanting cash!
 We groan, we sigh, we find that life's no fun,
 On goes the work, the washing must be done.

Tableau.—Girls at wash-tubs, washing clothes; some one behind curtain plays "Yankee Doodle," at first slowly, then faster and faster, girls rubbing clothes in time. Curtain.

Next in the throng, house-cleaning day appears:
 Dread time of scoldings, frowns and bitter tears,
 When household joys take to themselves swift wings
 And leave behind words that are burning things;
 Stove-pipes unruly are, wives a little cross;
 Should this day disappear, 'twould be no loss.
 If Socrates his temper bravely kept,
 And ne'er the bounds of kindness overstepped,
 He certainly was brave; but braver still,
 Is he, who calmly lives and hath a will,
 To hold his tongue, his anger keep in sway,
 At e'en the mention of house-cleaning day.

Curtain rises; there stand man and woman, dressed in house-cleaning costume, with soot on arms and faces, torn and soiled clothes; he holds a piece of stove-pipe in one hand and a hammer in the other; she holds a broom and duster; they sing as follows:

DUET—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Of all the people sad and drear,
 To mortals ever known,
 Of all sights that deserve a tear,
 That melt a heart of stone,
 Behold the worst before you now.
 And cast a pitying eye,
 On dirty clothes, and sooty brow,
 And know the reason why.

CHORUS.

For days of cleaning house are here.
 For days of cleaning house;
 We'll give an ugly thought and tear,
 For days of cleaning house.

O single { men } take thought by us,
 { girls }
 And know what is your fate,
 Each spring-time brings a dreadful fuss,
 From early morn till late.
 Cobwebs and dirt, and brush and scrub,
 Oh, my! the dreadful time,
 I hate to sweep, and dust, and rub,
 And scour with paint and lime.

CHORUS.

(curtain

With laughter wild and childish glee,
 Came a frolicsome day; who can it be?
 Mad pranks he slyly played upon them all;
 The gravest guest he caught with his sly call,
 And held as butt of ridicule and fun,
 Laughing and chuckling as he made a pun.
 Years seem as naught; they fly; he's young, the same,
 And full of jokes. I need not tell his name,
 You've guessed already; April Fool's the chap
 Who haunts the Festival with bells and cap.
 The small boy is his chosen chief and aid,
 He's sure to be on hand when tricks are played,
 And sometimes gets the punishment that's due.
 I've pulled his ear full oft, and so have you.

Tableau.—Prim old maid slowly crossing stage; small boy creeps after her; in his hand he has an advertising placard with words in large letters, "man wanted;" he is about to pin it on her shawl, she turns, catches him by the ear; he tries to get away, but she drags him off the stage; curtain.

As in our life the grave and gay are set,
 So in Festival, face to face they met;
 A laugh and a sigh together oft are heard,
 Like sobbing pines and carol of the bird;
 With saddened faces to the feast they came.
 They sought no mirth and craved no earthly fame;
 With faces heavenward and eyes uplift,
 As if within the clouds to find a rift,
 Through which the sun of righteousness should beam,
 Into their hearts and leaving there a gleam,
 Of glorious beauty and saintly light,
 Which makes their after days divinely bright.
 So stood they there; amid the gayest throng,
 They breathed a prayer; their lips sent forth a song;
 And all who heard were touched, and bowed in awe,
 To that great presence they rather felt than saw.
 Remorse was in the heart of one, for look,
 With painful steps a lonely way he took.

Tableau.—Monk kneeling in prayer; he counts his beads, crosses himself, and frequently raises his eyes heavenward.

Clad in sable robes, with ashes on his head,
 He fasts alone and prays for Heavenly Bread.

His sins seem heavy, ah! the cruel load,
 He cannot carry to the blest abode;
 "Oh, take them from me, Lord, forgive," he cries,
 And strikes his breast, and lifts his sobbing eyes
 To mountains from whence cometh help and cheer,
 Whose heights breathe peace, relieving mortal fear.
 Ash Wednesday, day of searching heart and thought,
 When worldly joys and goods all count for naught.

(curtain

And next to him came the sad, painful day,
 The death of one who ope'd salvation's way;
 Good Friday! day when he was crucified,
 When for our sins and lives the Saviour died.
 Oh, blessed Son! Oh, heart of truth and love!
 Which beats in unison with that above;
 Mercy divine thou had'st for sinful men,
 A sacrifice beyond our mortal ken;
 A world so filled with pleasure, sin and gain;
 Turn but a moment from the mad refrain
 And lift your eyes unto that holy mount;
 Redeeming love flowed free from Calvary's fount.

Tableau.—*Dimly lighted stage; cross at R., at foot of which
 three women in white kneel, with uplifted eyes.*

He is not there! The cross whereon He bled,
 Whereon the Prince of Peace His life-blood shed,
 All empty stands. They kneel in silent prayer,
 Where late their King was killed. He is not there!
 Lo! bands triumphal sing a gladsome song;
 A holy joy pervades the happy throng;
 All robed in white, with wreaths and garlands gay,
 And songs, they usher in the Easter Day.

*Chorus of white robed maidens, enter L., cross to R., sing-
 ing an Easter hymn; the three women kneeling rise
 and join them; as they sing place the garlands on the
 cross; curtain.*

And nature in the glad hymn takes a part,
 As if she, too, could boast a joyful heart.
 Her winter garb she leaves for dress of green;
 Her icy face is changed to cheerful mien;
 The birds all sing a welcome, sweet and clear.
 The field's re-echo it, for May day's near.
 The children laugh and dance around their queen,

Prettier sights than these were never seen.
 Fair faces, smiling lips, and nimble feet,
 They dance away and romp, with laughter sweet;
 The woods yield treasured blossoms to their hands,
 So on they go, in merry, gleeful bands.

Tableau.—*May Queen seated on flowery throne; children dance about her, singing—tune, "Here we go."*

Happy day,
 First of May,
 Ah, good queen, you hold your sway;
 Wreaths so neat,
 Flowers sweet,
 Lay we at your feet.
 We have searched the forests through,
 These bright blossoms culled for you,
 And we sing,
 As we bring,
 Fragrant offering. (*curtain*)

Smiles and tears, this is the human lot;
 Dread sorrow comes and joy is soon forgot,
 So to the feast another sad-eyed guest
 Had come. This one in soldier's suit was dressed.
 With sobbing tones, he told how comrades brave
 Had given their lives our country dear to save;
 And well be pictured their true worth and fame,
 You know the guest, Memorial Day's his name.

Tableau.—*Soldier leaning over dying comrade; curtain.*

And close beside this guest with tearful face,
 Stood one, the jolliest of all the race;
 Proud of his lineage, of freedom proud,
 With royal dignity, to all he bowed.
 They gathered round him, eager yet to learn
 Of days which fire our hearts, and make them burn
 With zeal and love, that we are glad to stand
 For stars and stripes, for home and native land
 With all his dignity, he came with noise
 Of gay young hearts, of careless, playful boys,
 Who shout, and laugh, and welcome him with zest,
 Pronouncing July Fourth, of days the best.

Tableau.—*Uncle Sam in centre of stage, surrounded by boys, some holding trumpets, others torpedoes, others fire-crackers; they sing a verse of "Yankee Doodle"*

Dandy;" at last word, as the curtain decends, the trumpets are blown, torpedoes thrown, and fire-crackers touched off, all the boys shouting, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" Curtain.

Another day of freedom and of life,
An ending of another bloody strife,
Which to hundreds of souls, liberty gave,
And broke the shackles of the southern slave.
Emancipation day came next in line,
For honor due in heart, in song and rhyme.

Curtain rises; gentleman dressed as negro, sings, "Way Down upon the Swance River." Curtain.

Next came a day for maids who seek to peep
Ahead and find what bliss the years do keep,
And whether maids they'll be, or happy wife;
What partners shall be sent them for their life,
And how he will look, whether ill or well,
Hallowe'en's the seer who'll truly tell;
So to the fields they hie; the cabbage draw——
The merriest party one ever saw.

Tableau.—Group of girls in act of pulling cabbage; they raise them from the ground, shake the roots, and laughingly examine and compare them. During this tableau, the reader proceeds——

The dirt is shaken, and the roots they scan,
In gleeful mood. Ah, happy is the man
Who wins a maiden's heart on Hallowe'en;
His joys and bliss the rarest ever seen. (curtain
Still to the Festival they come, and now
Appeared a day with reverential brow,
Yet with gladsome, happy face as when
One counts himself thrice blessed among men,
Of Pilgrim fame, he loves full well
Their early life and hardships now to tell,
How often famine stared them in the face;
And red men cruel burned their dwelling-place,
How winter saw so many of them die,
And now on Plymouth Hill their bodies lie;
But through all want they kept their faith in God,
And trusted while they passed beneath the rod.
Dawn came at length, through dark clouds peeped the day,
The Father led them through a darkened way

To light; with gladness, then, their voices raised;
 And in deep gratitude, the dear Lord praised.
 So this guest stood, an echo from the past;
 Thanksgiving Day has waited till the last.

Tableau.—A man dressed in continental costume, his arms full of various vegetables; a little girl in dress of white trimmed with cranberries; she is seated on a huge pumpkin, and surrounded by fruits and vegetables; curtain.

But one more guest the Festival did hold;
 His name is loved where'er his story's told.
 An angel face, and lips repeating still,
 "Peace be to all on earth, to men good will."
 With look of holy calm, he points us where
 The Magi found the blessed babe so fair.
 We hear the wondrous tale told o'er and o'er,
 And love its simple beauty more and more.
 The goal of present days which fly so fast;
 The hours are full of tender thoughts and sweet,
 When merry Christmas is the day we greet.
 Oh, hours of childhood, with its firm belief
 In Santa Claus, our merry Yule chief;
 How oft we peeped within the chimney black,
 To catch a sight of the fleet deer and pack;
 To see him come down through the smoky place,
 With queer red nose, bright eyes, and roguish face.
 The stockings hung where he might quickly find,
 And fill them with toys of every kind.
 Of all the guests, Christmas, the king and lord;
 His grave, sweet face appears, and all applaud.

Tableau.—An old-fashioned fire-place—a correct representation may be painted easily; stockings hung about; several little children in night-ropes, stand before the chimney, singing a Christmas carol; occasionally they peep up the fire-place, as if looking for Santa Claus; curtain.

The home sped, and soon deep-voiced bell,
 Pealed forth in solemn tones, the old year's knell.
 A moment's silence, as heart spake to heart,
 A clasp of hands, a sigh, and all depart.

Curtain rises; the various days enter, singing, "America," and group themselves.

THE END.

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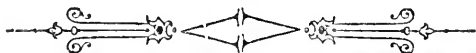
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CHARACTERS.

READER.

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.....	<i>George Washington.</i>
VALENTINE'S DAY.....	<i>Maiden and lover.</i>
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.....	<i>Chorus of boys.</i>
WASHING DAY.....	<i>Girls at tubs.</i>
HOUSE-CLEANING DAY.....	<i>Man and woman.</i>
APRIL FOOL'S DAY.....	<i>Old maid, and little boy.</i>
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HALLOWE'EN.....	<i>Group of girls.</i>
THANKSGIVING DAY.....	<i>Man, little girl.</i>
CHRISTMAS.....	<i>Group of children.</i>

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